THE

AMERICAN·CATHOLIC

HISTORICAL RESEARCHES.

VOL. XIII. APRIL, 1896. NO.2

QUARTERLY, *ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.*

Lord Acton in his "Lecture on the Study of History" says: "History, to be above evasion or dispute, must stand on documents, not on opinions."

Such has been the policy and plan of THE RESEARCHES. Hence its contents have been, mainly, documentary.

Its aim has been to supply the basis for Catholic American History.

The work THE RESEARCHES has, tor twelve years, been doing is influencing Catholic public sentiment.

Rev. Ferdinand Kittell, of Loretto, Pa., has been commissioned by The American Catholic Historical Society ot Philadelphia (organized in THE RESEARCHES office) to make examinations in the Vatican and Propaganda archives for documents relating to the Church in this Country.

These, with the almost innumerable documents in this country known to THE RESEARCHES, will give our History "documents" and not "opinions" to stand on.

THE RESEARCHES, without the aid of organization or of distinguished and lavish patrons, has been able to save many documents and to make many public and thus useful to all who strive in this field of activity.

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC RIOTS IN PHILADELPHIA IN 1844.

1844 was in some respects a sad year for Philadelphia. For some years there had been in existence a society named the "American Protestant Association." This society, still vigorous, with thousands of members scattered over the Continent, and a reserved fund of millions of dollars, has been changed to that of "The United American Mechanics," but its spirit is the same. For some years the truly eloquent pastor of a contiguous parish had been accustomed in his "Sunday-night Lectures" to deal with this association in a style far more vigorous than genteel.

I have never heard of a convert made by his tirades; and the effect of his injudicious attacks was a hidden but intense feeling of hatred to Catholicity and Catholics, which waited the lightest provocation to burst out with tremendous force.

This provocation was given in the early part of May, by the indiscreet zeal of some hot-headed Catholics in attacking, with stones and other missiles, a meeting of this American Protestant Association, held in the very midst of a densely inhabited Irish Catholic neighborhood, with the avowed design of provoking an attack.

Then began the dark days of Philadelphia Catholicity. Then began a period of terrorism, the very mention of which will, to this day, suffuse the face of a Philadelphian with the blush of shame. One bright afternoon in May, the mob assembled, and after some severe fighting in which the loss of life seemed to be almost entirely on the part of the aggressors, the so-called Nativists, St. Michael's Church and the Sisters' Orphanage in Second Street were fired and burnt to the ground. Rev. Terence Donaghoe, being in the city on a visit, sat in the cupola of St. Augustine's Church, and with tears streaming down his face, witnessed the burning of these edifices which had been erected through his painful exertions. I remember, as if it were but yesterday, how the hot blood of boyhood boiled, as a young Quaker companion, now one of Philadelphia's solid men, descending from the roof of the lofty establishment where we were employed, forgot the propriety of a Friend, and danced, not very gracefully, up to me with the intelligence

that the Popish Church in Kensington was in flames. He was soon called to order by one of the elders. But I had at that time a good opportunity of studying the sincerity of the philanthropy and benevolence of our Orthodox and Hicksite Friends. At that time I was employed as a learner in the largest wholesale commission dry-goods store in Philadelphia, and members of this highly respectable firm were the leading men of the two branches of Quakerism. As I was the only one of "the world's people" in the establishment, and a mere puny boy, I was little restraint upon them, and they surely might be considered as trustworthy interpreters of the feelings of this Sect. Before the merchants and others of the city, they were loud and energetic in their denunciation of persecution for religion's sake, and of the fearful disgrace brought upon the "City of Penn;" but, when we were by ourselves, the most common remark was; "The Papists deserve all this and much more," and "it were well if every Popish church in the world were levelled with the ground."

I was one day a witness o an incident that caused me, even in the harrassed state of my feelings, much amusement. The eldest member of the firm, a dignified, portly man of nearly eighty, whose white locks fell like strung snow-flakes around his ruddy face, was not a little of a wag. Our head drayman was a German of prodigious strength, and of natural shrewdness corresponding with his strength. One morning Friend William engaged Rodolf in conversation about the gloomy state of affairs. Rodolf, rightly judging that the "Native American" organization was not in reality opposed to foreigners, but to Catholics, particularly Irish Catholics, was no niggard in his praise of late events. William H—— drew him out as much as possible and then quietly remarked: "but, Rodolf, the Nativists do not intend to stop with the Irish; as soon as they have exterminated them, they intend to drive away the Dutch." "Is that so, William?" says Rodolf; then raising his brawny arm, he brought down his Herculean fist upon one of the cases, with a force that split the wood, and with a fearful oath, he invited all Native Americans to migrate to a warmer climate, and for ten or fifteen minutes the tune of his canticle was set to another key. William enjoyed some hearty laughs, and walking away remarked to me "It seems,——what is sauce for the herring is not sauce for the pickerel."

The evening of this day will be forgotten by me only when the name of *mother* loses its music. The iconoclasts, after doing their Vandal work in Kensington, by common consent, marched to St. Augustine's. The neighbors, during the afternoon, had removed most of their household goods, although it was hoped that being within the limits of the city proper it would be protected by the civic authorities. If space allowed, I might relate some very amusing incident of this sorrowful exodus. Mr. William Newland, for many years organist of St. Joseph's, occupied the house next the church, one of the two belonging to the Augustinian Fathers. The question of the hour was how to obtain furniture-wagons to remove the *penates familiaresque*. Mrs. N., in an emergency the better man of the two, impressed every wagon she could into her service, whether it were hired by her "good man" or by the neighbors. Members of the American Protestant Association had been circulating around during the afternoon making inquiries as to the ownership of the property, and, whenever they addressed our lady friend, receiving answers more sharp than sweet. As the shades of evening began to close and the little gormand birds were taking their post supper meal previous to tucking their pretty little heads under their cosy wings, a big, burly-looking individual drove up in a splendid new furniture-wagon, and jumping out, he addressed the busy dame thus: "I say, missus, who does this house belong to?" "I cannot say," answered Madam, "my husband always pays the rent. I say, William," calling to her spouse, give "this gentleman all the information you can." Smooth spoken Mr. Newland was much surprised at the agreeable change in his good helpmate, but he was accustomed to obey orders, so he entertained our Native American with long answers giving the least possible amount of information, and I can confidently assert that he was one well able to do so. In the meanwhile the thrifty housewife employed herself in placing her furniture in the wagon, and as our Nativist from the "South of France" was remarking in a tone not at all remarkable for its dulcidity, "I say, Mister, I have asked you a dozen times, does this house belong to the —— priests?" he was startled by the crack of a whip, and turning, beheld Mrs. Newland occupying his vacated seat, and driving down Fourth Street at a rate of speed that pretty well winded him by the time he overtook her. "We can't stand on ceremony at this time," said she, smiling. Tired as he was, the joke was so good he assisted her in placing the last of her chattels in a place of safety.

The news of the burning of St. Michael's, which occurred about three in the afternoon, soon spread through the city and municipalities. In the large factories and shops the men refused to work, and the employers themselves desired to reach their homes where they knew anxious wives and daughters awaited their arrival. So about half past four all the manufacturing establishments suspended operations. This in itself was unfortunate. Before six o'clock, their usual hour for stopping work, the most troublesome class of our citizens had already had their supper and were ready for any work of mischief.

Before dusk, crowds began to assemble at Fourth and New Streets. These were not the men who had burned St. Michael's · they, although they had cried—"to St. Augustine's"—"to St. Joseph's"—"to St. Mary's,"—had gone home to get their supper,—to have their wounds dressed,—to rest from their (thank God!) unusual labors. These were, at first, principally men and boys, hobble-de-hoys, drawn together by curiosity. A more pitiable, cowardly set it would be hard to find. "Look out, I see an Irishman's head," in shrill voice of a ragged urchin, would send them, to Third, to Race, to Vine Street, to return again to be again startled and started by an old woman from the bonny braes, crying out: "O'ch! Jemmy, I'm blest, if I did'nt see a big mon wid a muskit looking a'out that windy in the cupoly." There was no window in the cupola. Three policemen, as to-day organized, six constables, as they were then called, could at any time before 7 o'c., have dispersed the whole mob, and saved the church. But it was the birth day of the Mayor's second daughter and she entertained that night.

By degrees the number so increased that even the cry "there are six popes at the North window," was followed only by a slight swaying of the mass, and a quivering sensation in the throats of the less daring. After 8 o'clock, his honor the Mayor of the City of Philadelphia arrived, in a hansom, hired, if not chartered, for the occasion. American mobs are sometimes very orderly; due way was made for his honor's cab. Mayor S—— was a brave man even though he did possess a quality proverbially in contradiction with bravery. He spoke to this effect: "Fellow citizens, men of Philadelphia, please retire. This church is under the protection of the city. I have the keys in my pocket." If I mistake not, there was but on

key for the church, the front doors being fastened by bars, and the key of the back door was in the possession of a company of volunteer firemen who were endeavoring to save some of the valuable paintings in the pastor's house.

"I have the keys in my pocket!" Pleasant news to our brave rioters —"the Mayor has the keys,—no Paddies in the church—go in Southwark, —hurrah for Kensington!" resounded on every side, and in a shorter time than it takes to write it, when it was known there was no one within to protect the holy of holies, a sash was thrust in, and a boy cut the gas-pipe, applied the match, and the church built by Dr. Matthew Carr, was one mass of flames.

What a spectacle! The night was calm, warm, and dark. New Street, directly opposite the church, was open to the river; for miles around the sky was a sheet of flames, the river with its gliding bateaux containing men and women looked a stream of molten gold;—yes, it seemed a fairy scene. I stood with streaming locks, hat forgotten, in the midst of one of the hundreds of groups, at a distance, gazing at the entrancing sight. "Brother," said a pious sister, whose hand rested on my shoulder, "this reminds us of the days of Nero, of the days of the Goths and Vandals. We know not where this may end,—we may even be called upon to die for our religion,—God grant us strength!" On my right stood a group of Italians, Tuscanese. A withered-looking, wrinkled old hag (I mean no disrespect). with face like a gargoyle, her deformed daughter almost as ugly as the mother, a crowd of trembling bambini, the children of Mrs. C——i, then the mother of eighteen, herself looking as if scarce eighteen summers had passed over her head, and the imperial Signora Tr——

Signora Maria Fortunata Tr—— was in my boyish estimation a person of far more than ordinary merits. With a person and a carriage that suggested a Judith, she possessed that almost universal genius seldom found but among the Italians. She spoke fluently, I thought elegantly, many modern languages,—a voice of almost fabulous compass was cultivated to almost perfection,—her power with the needle excelled everything I have ever seen; a small piece of velvet, a scrap of satin and silk, a few strands of gold thread, a bead or two, and, presto! an article for a fancy fair that brings five, six or even ten dollars,—a common print, a box of water colors, and lo! an article to grace a lady's boudoir,—nor was she at home only in fancy work, for when she assumed the part of Martha many an Easter cake and savory fricata has tickled my boyish palate.

Near my Italian friends was a bevy of maiden ladies of very unmaiden age, whose peculiar accent proclaimed the North of Ireland. "Oh! how beautiful!" exclaimed Miss B——y. "It is exquisite," responded the chaste Susanna. "It is perfectly heavenly," guggled the youthful Anna Maria. The hot blood of Fortunata could bear it no longer. Farewell, smooth round accents of Tuscany! "Ya-as it is a very-er beautiful-er sight, but er you-er will-er see-er a more-er exquisite-er sight er when you er get-er to 'Ell!" It began *pianissimo con crescendo*, but when it ended, hell was a yell. And Fortunata with eyes sparkling daggers, I mean stilettoes, entered her brother's house, from which, during the small hours of the morning, first, a fierce strain from the harp, then some sharp chords from the piano, or crisp notes from the guitar, told that her fiery spirit was not yet soothed. Friend of my childhood, I had been accustomed to wonder at you being so gifted, but from that night scarce a day has passed that I have not prayed for you as a sister in religion!

Nor were the feelings of Catholics only excited; I remember one of the younger members of the firm referred to above, who still called himself a Friend, although he had been turned out of meeting for marrying among the "world's people," rushing up to me in a state of great agitation: "Do you Catholics intend to allow this to go on forever? Why do you not protect yourself? If a stop is not put to this, every Catholic church in the city and county will this night be in ashes. Tell me where I can get a gun, and I, Quaker as I am, will help to protect you." A short time later I saw him in an apothecary shop coolly drinking a glass of soda water. I afterwards learned he was, at the time, a liberal contributor to the American Protestant Association.

It was a terrible night. One of the assistants at St. Mary's, now a revered Father of our Province, seemed to be completely overcome. Three times, as I have been told, was he led back from the scene of the conflagration, and yet again he was found sitting upon a curb, almost immediately opposite the burning church, weeping like a child.

It was but a few minutes after the match had been applied, when the whole edifice was a mass of flames, the fire, bursting from the many windows, licked the walls and mounted to the cupola. High above the billows of the fiery sea shone the glittering emblem of salvation; for minutes it swayed in the torrid atmosphere, then with a far-sounding crash fell into its translucent grave. A yell as of twice twenty thousand savages

greeted the fall of the Cross, while a witnessing Israelite, with biting sarcasm remarked: "I did not know there so many Jews in Philadelphia."

Before 10 o'clock the fire, having consumed itself, gradually died out and by 12 o'clock the skies so brilliantly decked wore the sable shroud of an early summer's midnight. On the next day, nothing remained of the edifice but the West wall and portions of the side walls. Yes! there stood the West wall, and when on the morrow, the curious gathered to gaze upon the work of Protestant ignorance and fanaticism, on that scorched, charred wall, just above where the God of Peace so long had dwelt, they were affrighted to read in letters of gold, these awful words: "The eye of the Lord seeth." Yes, the eye of the Lord in truth did see, and there these words remained for months, until Philadelphia hung her head in shame, when the rains of Summer gently washed them away. In this fire the valuable library of the Augustinian fathers was destroyed as well as many costly works of art, both in painting and statuary.

The fathers at St. Joseph's were very fearful, though in truth, at this time, they were in but little danger. Friends, both male and female, began to assemble. Fortunately, but not intentionally, the ciboriums were empty. The sacred vessels and precious ornaments were consigned to trust-worthy persons who quietly carried them away to places of security. And in the early hour of morning I was awakened from my broken slumbers by the sound of passing footsteps. Some of the young gentlemen of St. Joseph's were carrying the beautiful painting of the Crucifixion, which had been removed from its frame, to the house of a plucky little Dublin lady, who quietly remarked as it was borne into her house "I will protect that picture as I would my daughter's honor." She never had occasion to protect either, but I would not have liked to see her, if it had been necessary.

The greatest annoyance, at this critical period came from our nearest neighbor. At both corners of Willing's Alley lived leading members of the Episcopal church, but very different was their conduct towards our fathers. It is a pleasure to say that the Hon. Jos. R. Ingersoll, until the time of his death, was a true gentleman, desirous of giving us no trouble, but, on the contrary, anxious to oblige. And when we celebrated the joyful proclamation of our Mother's Immaculate Conception, it was the heavy silk curtains of Mr. Jos. R. Ingersoll, which made the rich golden back ground, and

then as on many another occasion his plants and flowers adorned our altars. On the contrary our nearer neighbor, Mrs. A——ne was a continual thorn in our side. In every little spiteful contrivance she and hers excelled. Their kitchen was almost contiguous to the gate of entrance to the church yard. It had a discharge spout about three or four inches above the pavement. After service, or when a funeral procession was waiting on the side walk, it was amusement of the domestics of this amiable lady to let off the accumulated greasy water, so as to injure the dresses the ignorant Papists.

On this eventful May night, our neighbors A——nes were determined nothing should be done at St. Joseph's without their knowledge,—great was their devotion to curiosity! Inclination wooed them to view the glorious sight up Fourth Street, but stern duty said, these crafty Jesuits must be watched. So regular sentries were set. First was Madam "with eyes of Mars to threaten and command," her orange ribbons mingling with her gray curls; next a brawny maiden of the "Church by law established," in the old country, then my son, the vestryman of the old St. Peter's Church—in fact, the poor creatures were not relieved from their double task of watching a burning Popish church and the preparations for saving some of the valuables of a threatened Jesuit chapel. until a Catholic wag suggested the efficacious idea of lighting a fire near the wall so often crowned with heads and sprinkling it with odoriferous assafoetida. From that time the Dame considered it much more agreeable to review her fellow American Protestants returning from the field where they "had done," or, at least, yelled "well."

For some weeks we endured the calm that bodes a storm. The congregation of St. Michael's determined to spend not one Sunday without enjoying the happiness of being present at the dread Sacrifice. Men, women, and children turned out in large numbers, and worked day and night. Women and delicate maidens assisted in cleaning the old bricks and in carrying the mortar. From the debris they erected a chapel large enough to seat a thousand or more and had it finished before Saturday midnight.

St. Augustine's people followed the good example and soon had the Chapel of our "Lady of Consolation" (beautiful name!) built, where Mass was said until a much larger and more ornate edifice sprang like a phoenix from the ashes of Dr. Carr's church. It also served for various ecclesiastical purposes until, a few years since, it was torn down to make way for a fine parochial school-house.

Instead of longing for the glorious 4th of July we dreaded its approach —many feared a renewal of the fearful scenes of violence May had brought us. What, then, was our surprise when early on the morrow we learned that the pastor of the adjoining parish of St. Philip's, whose church was situated in the most bigoted part of Southwark, surrounded with the most ignorant and reckless sort of Nativists, had, the day before, openly, in broad day light, had arms and ammunition carried into the church, and that a company of volunteers, called the "Hibernia Greens," were in possession of the sacred edifice It was a day of fearful, yea, truly awful, anxiety. During the evening, rumor, busy jade, caused many a heart to beat in dread, and many a head to bow in prayer.

On the Festival of the Most Precious Blood, my sisters and I offered our holy communion that God might protect our churches and our homes. During this season of terror our first thoughts were always not for ourselves or homes but for our churches Judging of others by ourselves, there were few Catholics who would not have gratefully looked on the ashes of their homes, if the House of God were only spared. After the eight and half o'clock Mass we walked down to the fortified temple. The excited crowd of the previous night was all dispersed, and, except by ourselves, and a few other of the curious descendants of an unhappily curious mother, the street was deserted. Had the authorities of the municipality of Southwark, whose office was "round the corner," posted a dozen constables in the neighborhood, no mob had assembled on the 6th of July 1844.

Our apprehensions having been allayed by the peaceful surroundings of the church, we took our usual seats in St. Mary's for the late Mass. Our pew, being on the South side of the altar, commanded a view of the greater part of the congregation. Every thing proceeded *secundum regulum et etiam consuetudines*, until the Elevation, when the startling clamor of an approaching mob was heard. Many a rosy countenance assumed the hue of the lily.

I can imagine the feelings of a father when he hears the approach of the wretches who come to slay him, the wife of his bosom, and her offspring, but how describe the sensation of a Catholic, when an insatiate rabble comes to insult the God by whom he moves and lives. Heavenly Father, I have experienced it once; my sensations then were too awful to be even now dwelt upon, much more to be recounted to others: Oh! if it be Thy holy will, may I never again endure such a trial!

I noticed that most of the men who occupied places within the pews at once arose quietly, and respectfully, and placed themselves next the door. Nearer and nearer come the cries,—a member of the city Council, who, on the evening before, when the commander of military had given the order to fire upon the mob, had stepped before the cannon's mouth and countermanded that order, and who had then been taken prisoner and incarcerated in the House of the God of peace, had been realeased from confinement, and was being carried in triumph by the mob to his dwelling near St. Mary's Church. Nearer and nearer came the shouts, but the celebrant, if he felt any fear, showed none, as the God of battles lay before him. Nearer and nearer yet came the yells, and as they passed behind the church the solemn *miserere nobis* was over, and the soothing *dona nobis pacem* of Di Monti in D floated melodiously upon our anxious ears. Further and further receded the tumult and when the *Ite missa est* was chanted all was still.

After our frugal dinner, we returned for "the office," repeating in our hearts the words of David; "for he hath hidden me in His tabernacles; in the days of evil He hath protected me in the secret places of His tabernacles." "Be Thou my helper: forsake me not: do not Thou abandon me, My God, my Saviour. For my father and my mother have forsaken me; but the Lord hath taken me up. Wait on the Lord, act manfully; and let thy heart take courage, and wait thou for the Lord." But we found the gates closed and at that moment the bell of the State House tolled; the city was under martial law. Fearful words, "under martial law!" With sadly foreboding hearts we retraced our steps, unaware that the gilt crosses on our manuals, which we made no effort to conceal, were attracting unusual attention. Nor were we aware that by the time we reached our homes we were followed by a number of persons. Turning upon the steps, we recognized old acquaintances, our friendly salutations receiving no friendly response,—then we awoke to the fact that we were pariahs in our native city,—in the City of Brotherly love,—in a city where our ancestors had shed their blood for the country's liberty. Yes, next door neighbors, with whom our intercourse for years had been of the friendliest, now looked at us with eyes averted,—friends, who had come to us in joy and sorrow, now saw us not when we saluted, a neighborhood where we had been born and reared now knew us not, we had become strangers to our brethern, "aliens to the sons of our mother;"—our mother's only sister and that sister's sons and daughters disowned all connection with us. Still the bell tolled on, proclaiming with iron tongue that the city of Philadelphia was under martial law.

All this while the neighborhood of St. Philip's Church was in a ferment of excitement. Queen Street and all the streets leading to it were filled with a disorderly mass of people, so that it was deemed advisable to make some concessions to the mob. A parley was beat and it was agreed that the Company of Hibernia Greens, occupying the Church, should march out with arms unloaded and reversed. All of them did not comply with the agreement. Unfortunately when they reached Second and Catharine Streets, provoked at the cruel taunts of the rabble, they turned and fired into the crowd, and believing that "he who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," they, plied their heels and scattered ingloriously in every direction. Some did not stop running until they reached Germantown and Manayunk, and Norristown, and other suburban localities more agreeable for their security than for odors; it has been said that two of them continued their weary pedestrianism until they reached New York City.

Some of the yelping mob pursued the swift warriors. One poor fellow named Gallagher was chased to Sixth and Small Streets, about half a mile from the scene of bold and daring deeds, when running panting into a house, the good house mother hid him between two feather beds. At first the hounds were baffled in the search, and having lost the scent they were ut retiring as well bred curs, when the glitter of his regimentals caught the sight of one whose snarl soon recalled the others. A rope was soon around his neck and down the stairs was he dragged and along the streets for fully three quarters of a mile to Christian and Fourth Streets where a culvert was building, when the inhuman wretches amused themselves in heaving large cobble stones upon him, varied at intervals by six or eight heavy men jumping upon him; twice they hanged him to a lamp-post, till after two hours of torture indescribable he was rescued and carried to the Pennsylvania Hospital. On the next Sunday I saw him apparently unscarred and unscathed. It has been remarked that in both these riots it was impossible to kill an Irishman. A few years after, he rented a stable belonging to us, situated where the east end of the present College building stands, and one hot afternoon in July he ate some blushing raspberries smothered in cream, and in two hours he was where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." Old Brother McGirr used to say, with one of his peculiar laughs: "poor Gallagher, all the Nativists in Philadelphia could not kill him, and a saucer of berries did it."

The firing of the brave "lads in Green" was the signal for the attack upon the Church. In ten minutes the interior was gutted. Lewis C. Levin, whose wife, daughter, and step-daughter have since been received into the Church by one of our fathers, mounting the sacred table in front of the tabernacle, delivered a harangue, which for blasphemy and ribaldry would have befitted the days of the French Revolution.

General Cadwalader, who commanded the military, had established his head-quarters at the old Girard Bank in Third Street opposite Dock. Finding it necessary to be there, he with two of his officers, in citizen-dress and unarmed, entered a close carriage at the Church, and had succeeded in passing through the mob, when they were recognized by an old woman, the wife of a Catholic who had not sense enough to hold his silence. At once the cry and hue was raised of "Old Cadwalader! Bloody Cadwalader! Irish Cadwalader!" and four or five hundred started in pursuit. The driver drove for life. When turning Second Street into Pine, a stalwart American citizen of Scotch birth caught the near horse by the bit, and the carriage was brought to a halt. My eldest brother, whose dormant Catholicity had been roused by the persecution, and whom my good mother imagined she had safely locked up in the second story back room, but who had climbed the pipe and was in the midst of the excitement, taking in the situation with a glance of the eye, although a slender, weak young man, seized the gentleman from Glasgow by the throat and dashed him to the ground, while the *noble* brutes dashed wildly on. Henry, Henry, why were you so reckless? As it was generally believed that my brother was anti-Catholic, acquaintances surrounded him and his bad reputation saved him from the furv of the mob, who would willingly have made him a victim to their baffled rage.

The majority of the mob pursued the fleeing commander-in-chief until they reached Third and Spruce Streets. Third Street between Spruce and Walnut was at that time paved with wooden blocks. The horses on reaching this smooth pavement made such speed that the mob, having a salutary fear of the loaded cannons that guarded the entrance to the bank, gave over the pursuit.

They halted and consulted as to their further proceedings. A part proposed to attack the Jesuit Church in Willing's Alley, but it was too near head quarters; some suggested St. Mary's, but the majority wished to return to the field of their preceding efforts; and the majority, as in all well regulated mobs, carried the day.

My mother, sisters, and worthy self, were standing, in a state of palpitating excitement, upon the door steps, anxious to see, hear, and know all that was going on, when a constable ran up and began to push us into the house, saying; "for God's sake go in! bar the door! and to me, "my son, close the shutters as soon as you can." It was timely advice, a large portion of the mob, in returning to St. Philip's, passed down Spruce Street, and being informed by an officious neighbor, to whom much kindness had been shown by my brother at a time when kindness was sorely needed, that this was the house of the young man who had rescued the General, made an effort to enter, and, not succeeding, stoned the house. Happily they were in a hurry to return to the scene of nobler exploits, for if they had gone up the alley, there was not a shutter to any of the back windows, and there were only five frightened woman and a delicate lad of fourteen to oppose them. This incident made us aware that my brother was not up stairs sleeping soundly, as we thought; and anxiety for his safety was added to the other terrors of that fearful 6th of July.

The departure of the mob found us again doing duty upon the post of observation. The weather was extremely hot, the solemn sound of the tolling bell had a most melancholy effect, and the marching. to the scene of disturbance, of the soldiery from the interior of the state, sent by the Governor, gave rise to many terrifying reports and surmises. Indeed it was a day hard to banish from the memory.

In the meanwhile the rioters were not idle. They had gone to all the stores for squares, and made requisitions, collecting all the powder, shot, nails, chains, in fact every thing that could be used in loading the cannon they had obtained, Then they waited for the night.

It was a night of more than ordinary darkness. The moon was ashamed to look upon such doings and the stars kept her company. At the usual hour the gas was lighted, but was soon extinguished by the rioters in their neighborhood. At this time the military were in the Church and guards were posted on all sides to meet the mob if it should attempt to regain possession. Poor soldiers! they were in a most trying position. On the roofs of all the surrounding buildings were men, and women, and boys, with muskets, and rifles, and pistols, and stones, and hot water to fire and pour down upon them. They stood out boldly in the light. Whilst the rabble at Queen and Front Streets could take easy aim, themselves being in the

dark, the only thing the soldiers had to direct their aim was the flash of the cannon, which the rioters would load in Front Street, then suddenly wheel round into Queen Street, take deliberate aim, fire, and the man who applied the match was back in Front Street almost before the soldiers had seen the flash.

Every thing seemed to be against the volunteers, and according to every human calculation they should have suffered severely; but, in fact, God was against the rioters. If my memory does not fail me, not one soldier was killed and but one or two were injured; on the other hand, the rioters acknowledged a heavy loss of life, and some carry their inglorious scars to this day. It was a well known fact, although great efforts were made to keep it secret, that scores of killed Nativists were carried to wharfs, and even far down "the Neck," and with heavy weights attached were thrown into the river. For months and even years after, when bodies in various degrees of decomposition, with great stones attached, were discovered in the Delaware, they were quietly buried, with the connivance of the municipal authorities and the press. It is now not an uncommon thing, when instructing some convert from the south-eastern portion of the city to hear: "Rev. sir, my father (or my uncle, or my brother), was killed at the time of the riots at St. Philip's. They just carried him down and threw him into the river." "The bowels of the wicked are cruel."

In the small wee hours of July 7th, the weary mob, seeing that victory was not theirs, gradually dispersed, and by 4 o'clock, the soldiers were sleeping upon the pavements of Queen, Second and Third Streets, or talking together and partaking of refreshments furnished by the neighbors, uncon-

scious of the castor-oil, salts, and other drugs introduced for their especial delectation.

For weeks a heavy gloom hung over Philadelphia. The city was still under martial law, and the streets leading to the Catholic churches being guarded by soldiers, not a little inconvenience was caused to pedestrians, and as then we had few omnibuses and no street-cars, most people had to pedestrianize.

During this reign of terror St. Joseph's was guarded with more than ordinary care from the espionage of the A——ne household. The dread Sacrifice was daily offered up in the dear old basement, but the dear old altar, with its antependium of the Passion instruments, was removed last year [1873] to make room for the present beautiful altar of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

The excesses of May and July caused a very salutary reaction in public sentiment. The eloquent but sarcastic preachers of St. Augustine's and St. Philip's received from the Bishop kind permission to take a trip to Europe, from which they did not return until after his translation to the archdiocese of Baltimore. And when, shortly after, the Academy of the Fine Arts was destroyed by the torch of the incendiary, the halcyon days of Catholicity began in the city of Penn. The city proper willingly and liberally paid for the destruction of St. Augustine's, and, if it could only have wiped out the disgrace, would willingly and liberally have for that of St. Michael's, and for the injury done to St. Philip's, although both were situated in distinct municipalities.

[WOODSTOCK LETTERS, Vol. III, No. 3.]

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, DEL.

NOTES TAKEN FROM ITS REGISTERS, OCT. 20TH, 1885, BY

REV. THOS. C. MIDDLETON, O. S. A.

1796 Aug. 18. A baptism by Rev. Etienne Faure, a French priest, pastor, with authority of Rt. Rev. Jno. Carroll of Balto.
The witnesses or sponsors were Jean Garésché Du Rocher, J. P. Garésché and M. V. M. Garésché.
(This is the first bapt recorded.) In 1796, Nov. one other baptism by the same.

1797 Apr. 14. Baptism of Marie Francoise Jeanne Louisa Angelique born at Wilmington Aug. 25, 1785, daughter of Pierre Henry du Pont de gault of St. Domingo and Marie Catherine Elizabeth (both refugees). By Rev. Etienne Faure.
(She was of the Dupont family, who seem originally to have spelled their name *du Pont*.)

1797 Mar. 26. Rev. P. Bauduy, baptizes.

1797 Nov. 5. A baptism, at which the sponsors were—
Alexander Francois Bretton Deschapelles.
Eulalie " "
Bauduy " "
Bretton Deschapelles Bauduy.
J. [ohn] Keating.
(The Bauduys were probably related to the priest above.
A marriage of Francois Breuil, in business at *Phila.* to Jeanne Vidal.

1797? Oct. 15. Baptized Marie Michel, (a negress of the *Mandingo* tribe), 20 years old, slave of Mr. Lally de la Neuville of St. Domingo, and now given her freedom in reward for faithful services, &c.
Witness Elizabeth Garèschè.

1797 Dec. 11. Married by Rev. E. Faure. John Keating, son of Valentine Keating, and Sarah Creagh, born at Limerick, Ireland, to Eulalie Victoire Mathuriu Claudine Bretton Deschapelles.
(Is not this our Phila. M. D's father?)

1798 Apr. 15. Baptism by E. Faure.

1799 Nov. 10. Baptism by — Cibot vice prefect apostolic and superior general of the missions of the North of St. Domingo (a refugee) deputed by Bp. Carroll.

1800 Feb. 2. A maarrieg by Rev. Jno. Rosseter, O. S. A.

1800 Feb. 10. A marriage by Rev. Matt. Carr, O. S. A; (for 3 mos. up to Apr. 19, these two seem to have performed all services.)

1800 June, Married by Rev.—Cibot, James Devinney, Irishman, and Mary Winterbottom, English woman. Witnesses. John Keating and Jno McGurk. (This is the first entry of an Irish Catholic, unless Jno. Keating may be classed as one.) From 1804 Oct. 3, to 1834, all entries are with few exceptions *copies* of Fr. Kenny's notes, a few being in his own hand.

1810 Aug. 17. Rev. Mr. Brosius, baptises.

1815 Mar. Baptism of Anna Caroline, dau. of Outerbridge Horsey, Senator in Congress.

1818 Sept. 13. Baptized Anne born at du Planty's mill, Christiana Hundred, Brandywine, New Castle Co., on the 31 Aug. 1818, dau. of Jno. McDermott and Rosanna McCusker (This was the *first* baptism in St. Peter's Church.)

1824 Baptism by Rev. Patk. Duffy, (of Emmitsburg).

1829 Feb. 11. Baptism by Rev. B. Keenan (of Lancaster, Pa.,) sponsor Rev. Terence Donoghoe

1829 May 31. Rev. Geo. A. Carrell baptises; (June 25, 1829, marries.)
1832 Apr. 22. " T. R. Butler, "
1834 Dec. 7. " P[atk.] Reilly, "
1838 May 27. " P[eter] R[ich.] Kenrick, baptises.

1835 Apr. 22. 1st Confirmation record. by Rt. Rev. F. P. Kenrick.
1838 May 29. 2nd " " " " " "
1840 June 14. 3rd " " " " " "

In graveyard alongside of church, is tombstone (but not grave) of Margaret Dougherty died 1810 Dec. 10. (This is the *earliest* I could decipher.)

A singular note on the earliest registry gives the following:—

"Rev. Mr. McGuire's (of Quebec, Canada.) father John McGuire "lived before the Revolution, near Chester County poor house, "Brandywine, and withdrew from there with the British on their "retreat. John McGuire's brother Andrew settled in London-"derry township, Chester Co., died about 15 years ago, and left "issue James, John, George, Mary and Susan, all living in the "same place, "first cousins" to the above Rev. Mr. McGuire of Quebec,

" June 1st 1823. PATK. KENNY."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S KITE AND THE CHURCH OF THE ASSUMPTION, PHILADELPHIA.

While a fair was being held to aid building the Church of the Assumption, Philadelphia, a lithograph of the proposed edifice, by its beautiful Gothic Architecture attracted my attention. Father Carter seeing me absorbed in the picture, placed his hand kindly on my shoulder and asked: "Well my boy what do you think of that?" I replied that it was very handsome, and much superior to anything before attempted on a Catholic church in Philadelphia. "*But are you not very extravagant Father*" I asked "*some would be content with one steeple but you are to have two?*"

"Now my boy I will give you a reason, tho' 'tis not my rule. When Benjamin Franklin went to fly his kite, he, living near Second and Race Sts. directed the boy to carry it out the Ridge Road to Pegg's Run where there was a blacksmith shop which still remains. The great American Philosopher had a workman affix an iron point on the kite, and with the assistance of the boy raised it in the air Having it well steadied he tied the string to a post under a shed used to tie horses while being shod, operating with the silk cord and key to convey the electric fluid to the Leyden jar and thus *he bottled the lightning.* The kite hovered in the air immediately above the site where the church is to be erected, but as no man can say positively the actual spot, *I propose to put up two spires. so, that we may say somewhere between these points, happened the most heroic act ever performed in the interests of science.*"

Willow Street is directly over the bed of the creek and the walls of the blacksmith shop still stands about 50 ft. S. E. of Willow on the North East side of Ridge Ave. tho' the building has a new front and is devoted to other uses, but every morning as I pass the beautiful church and the site of the old shed, the forms of the great American Philosopher and the relator of his great deed the kindly great American priest, rise up in my mind.

ANDREW JACKSON REILLY,
Common Pleas, No. 2.

Phila. Mar. 13th 1896.

DESTRUCTION OF ST. AUGUSTINE'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, 1844, APPEAL OF REV. DR. MORIARTY "TO THE CATHOLICS OF GREAT BRITAIN IRELAND" FOR FUNDS TO REBUILD.

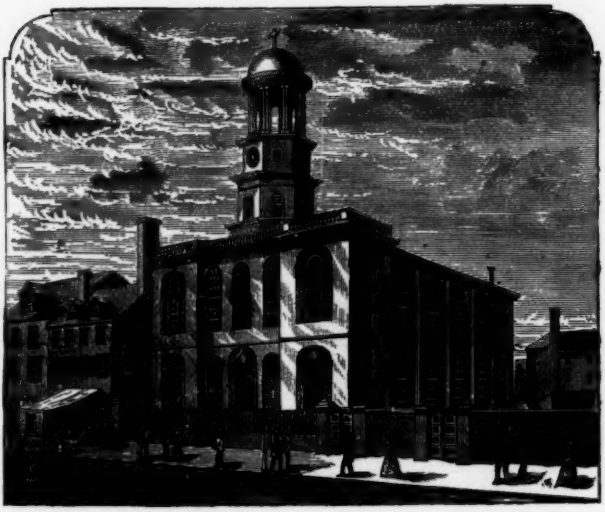
[From The Catholic Directory, Dublin, 1845.]

The destruction of the church and religious establishment of the Augustinian Order, during the recent anti-Catholic riots in the city of Philadelphia, obliges the members of that community to make every possible exertion to repair the severe loss thus incurred by religion; showing, at the same time, the justness of their claim for general aid and sympathy. If the operations of the enemies of the faith were limited by mere personal calamity, I am confident that each member of our community would feel compensated by the opportunity thus afforded to glory in the cross of Christ. I can also say, that if the members of St. Augustine's congregation had nothing more to deplore than the ruin of their magnificent church, the two thousand communicants who so often reflected within that sanctuary on the trials which lead to the victories of the Cross, would be satisfied to array themselves, without a sigh, amongst those who, in every age and clime, must suffer persecution for justice sake. But, the vital interests of religion being involved in the fate of the above mentioned establishment, we must labour assiduously to avert the consequences expected by the enemy to arise from the efforts of the incendiary. The blackened walls of St. Augustine's Church would not be esteemed in Philadelphia as a monument of crime, or an embelm of disgrace; on the contrary, they would be hailed as casting a frowning shadow on the future prospects of Catholicism in the United States. The ashes of our sanctuary, cloister, and library, if left undisturbed, would cherish the delusion that *there* interred some of the immortal spirit of our religion; and a hope would be excited, that such blows being occasionally repeated, might lead to the final extermination of the Catholic faith in America.

It is a notorious fact that a systematic warfare against the Catholic religion has been carried on in the United States; but the result has been very different from what the enemy expected. The Church has borne those assaults with that heroic magnanimity which behoves the daughter of heaven. Her apparent losses have been changed into real gains. Her temporary humiliation has served only to set her off in greater brilliancy and more radiant aspect. Discussion developed Catholic dogma; the refutation of calumnies manifested the purity of our morality; and oppression tested the endurance of truth. The attacks directed against the standard of faith became a signal for a greater number of followers to flock around it. The cross was elevated in every city and village; the angelic salutation echoed over the mountains and through the valleys: religious and literary institutions dotted the wide-spreading settlements, and the voice of the Catholic missionary welcomed the emigrant on the farthest borders of the prairie and the forest. Thus the church, purified and trimmed by the pruning-knife of affliction and persecution, shot forth with new vigour a greater number of branches, because even those words must be verified in the spouse of Christ, which were accomplished first in our Redeemer, "Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into his glory?"

On the side of the enemy, rage succeeded disappointment; and a conspiracy was set on foot to destroy every Catholic church and religious establishment, and to drive our clergy out of the country. However, an avowed religious persecution would not afford a very convenient war-cry in a country assuming preeminence on the score of liberty of conscience; and, accordingly, political scheming was introduced into the satanical machinery. The words "Irish" and "Catholic" are synonymous in America; hence, the enmity against democratic principles, strenuously maintained by Irishmen, also the opposition to Repeal sympathy, purchased by the gold and fomented by the agents of a certain foreign government, were the weapons adroitly seized upon to strike the one blow originally and

perseveringly aimed at the Catholic church. Hordes of Orangemen, who left their native country before the enlightenment of latter days had reached the circle in which they had been raised, told to their children and neighbours the story of successful oppression and sedition occurring in another land; and infused into the breasts of native Americans the same feelings of rancour, jealousy, and petty bigotry which have characterized



ST. AUGUSTINE'S PRIOR TO DESTRUCTION.

them at home. A multitude of parsons carried periodically from England the material provided in Exeter Hall, and spread the poison wherever they opened their lips. A most suitable body presented itself, to be operated upon by various engines, in a triple exertion, made by a foreign government to shake republican institutions—by Orangemen to injure the interests of Ireland, and by Protestant fanatics to annihilate Catholicism. This

body is called the Native American Association. It is an undisputed fact, that this Association is formed of the most demoralized men, and the various impulses by which they are swayed may be adequately understood from these three facts:—*They shouted exultingly when the cross fell from the summit of St. Augustin's church – they played the tune "Boyne Water" when the flames enwrapped its cupola; and during nights of incendiarism and murder, made the streets ring with cry "To hell with the Pope and O'Connell."* Those facts prove conclusively the operation of infidelity, anti-repeal vengeance, and a foreign breath wafting from afar the old seed of discord. With such facts before us, it need not be asked—why was St. Augustin's church, &c., destroyed? That noble establishment, built by the Rev. Dr. Carr, of Dublin (the fellow labourer of the saintly Gahan), and all connected with it, was the destined victim for many years. During half a century it bore aloft the bright emblem of Christianity. The greatest portion of the multiplied progeny of the church in Philadelphia went forth from its sacred precincts; its learned and eloquent clergymen have been distinguished as the propagators and defenders of the faith; and at the period of a most ruinous schism its altar was the rallying point for the bishop and his faithful flock. There also the interests of the exiled sons of Erin were consulted for, it being well know that from St. Augustin's church the most efficient aid has been afforded to those objects dear and honourable to ever Irishman, namely, "Temperance and a Repeal of the Union." "When the dreadful and death-dealing pestilence, the Asiatic cholera, appeared in Philadelphia in the year 1832, it is notorious," says an Episcopalian clergyman, "that in the midst of the alarm and terror, which the awful scourge occasioned among the people, that the active exertions of at least one Catholic priest became the theme of praise and honour upon every lip. The Rev. Dr. Hurley, pastor of St. Augustin's converted the presbytery, then in his occupancy, into a cholera hospital, and placed it under the control of the proper authorities. The doors of his quiet home were thrown wide open; and, unmindful of the inconvenience to which such an act subjected him, he not only invited the guardians of the city's health to deposit the victims of the pestilence in his house, but himself was employed, without intermission, in seeking out the wretched creatures upon whom the dreadful disease had fallen! Out of three hundred and sixty-seven patients, who had been received in this private asylum of a heavenly charity, forty-

eight only were Catholics; the remainder were professing Protestants." Such matters would not be set forth under ordinary circumstances; but having been noted by enemies in a spirit of jealousy and for purposes of destruction, they may be noted by friends in the spirit of charity and for purposes of restoration.

The civilised word, even the Indian in his forest, have heard with disgust of the events that transpired in May 1844, when, without a provocative, the torch was raised amidst blasphemy and cries for blood, and the house of prayer, the abode of literature and of virtuous examples, were consigned to the flames. The tomb of the charitable Priest, already mentioned, where eight years before he rested from his evangelical labours, was eagerly sought for, and the grave of a lady recently interred was dug out, and her bones scattered about. On that scene where the green graves of the dead show the tramp of the ruthless rioter, and grave stones broken to fragments show the intensity of hatred, nothing remains but the crumbling walls of a Church and Presbytery worth £20,000, and the ashes of the finest Catholic library in the United States, valued at £3.000.

The foreign intriguer, the blaspheming infidel, and the rabid fanatic, now standing on the ruins of St. Augustin's Church, tauntingly ask, "Can the Catholic withstand the shock here given?" The Superior and Clergy of that establishment have pledged their services to Heaven, to answer the question, by rebuilding the Church, &c. &c., and again gladdening the hearts of many on the same spot with the good tidings of salvation. In carrying out a design interesting to the universal Church, we are obliged to appeal to the charity of the Catholic world; and hope that the generosity so amply extended for the cause of religion in these countries, will not be restrained in the present case.

P. E. MORIARTY, D. D., *Commissary-General of the Augustinian Order in America.*

Church of St. Augustin, John-street, Dublin,

13th September, 1844.

THE CARROLL FAMILY.

(From "Lee of Virginia" By Edmund Jennings Lee, Philada, 1895, p385).

This distinguished Maryland family derive their descent from an ancient and honorable family of Ireland; one that is said to be descended from the ancient kings of Munster, and to have intermarried with the noble houses of Ormand and Desmond in Ireland and with that of Argyll of Scotland.

Early Irish history tells much of the wealth, power and influence of this family. Records in the possession of the Maryland branch show that the "sept of O'Carroll was early established in Lowth, being then popularly styled Princess of Orgeil. Previous to the English invasion, immediately after the great synod of Mellifont in 1152, is recorded the expulsion of their chief from that country, of which he had been the acknowledged lord from Droheda to Asigh in the County of Meath."

"The death of Amergin Carroll, Lord of Ely, is recorded in 1033, In 1327 John Carroll became Bishop of Cashel. In 1349 Thomas Carroll became Bishop of Tuam." Many similar extracts might be given but these few are sufficient to show the prominence of this family in their native land. About 1689 Charles Carroll, son of Daniel, of Littalouna. King's county, Ireland, emigrated to America and settled in the Province of Maryland. He was a Judge, Register of the Land office and an agent of Lord Baltimore. At his death he left a son, Charles who was born in 1702 and died in 1782 He, too, became prominent in the province and a leader of the Roman Catholic party. He married Elizabeth Brooke (who had a son, Charles, afterwards famous as "Charles Carroll of Carrollton").

He was born at Annapolis on the 20th of September 1737 and lived to an advanced age, to be the last survivor of those who signed the Declaration of Independence, dying at Baltimore on the 14th of November 1832. When only eight years old he was sent to France, to be taught by the English Jesuits at St. Omer's. After six years with them he went to the Jesuit College at Rheims; next he spent two years at the College of Louis Le Grand. After studying law, first in France and later at the Middle Temple at London, he returned to Maryland in 1761. Charles Carroll was, therefor, only twenty-four when he entered upon his public career, one that was to be so useful and so brilliant. At the time of his return to the Province of Maryland, in common with her sister colonies, was greatly excited over the famous "Stamp Act and the other encroachments which it foreshadowed."

Mr. Carroll immediately interested himself in the contest, and by his pen and voice greatly aided and encouraged patriotic citizens.

* * * * * * * * He was always an able, active and fearless patriot; held many very prominent positions, and in all of them served his country with marked ability and success. He was at different times a member of the Provincial Assembly, of the Continental Congress and held other similar responsible positions.

In the year 1768 he married Mary Darrall by whom he had one son and two daughters.

The son, also named Charles, married in 1793, the celebrated beauty, Harriet Chew, a daughter of Judge Benjamin Chew of Germantown, Penna; she was born on 22d of October 1775, and died the 8th April 1861. From this union were born a son and four daughters; the daughters were: Elizabeth, who married Dr. Aaron Tucker and had two sons. 2. Mary

Sophia, who married the Hon. Richard H. Bayard, of Delaware and had issue. 3. Harriet, who married Col. John Lee of "Needwood" Md. 4. Louisa who married Isaac Rand Jackson, of Newburyport, Mass., and left issue. The son Charles, the fifth of the name, married Mary Digges Lee and had nine children.

[Another son was Benjamin Chew Carroll born Nov. 18th 1806. Died March 8th 1807. Buried at St. Mary's, Philadelphia. ED RESEARCHES.]

Charles Carroll the Signer, owned very extensive estate, known as "Doughoregan Manor" situated in the present county of Howard, Md. This estate was devised to his grandson and is now owned by Hon. John Lee Carroll. "The Manor house is a large and very handsome residence o the old colonial style with a chapel annexed, built about the year 1717." His other estate, "Carrollton Manor" was situated in Frederick county, Md., and contained about 10,000 acres; it was granted by Lord Baltimore to the first Charles Carroll.

"Charles Carroll of Carrollton was not the only one of his name living in Maryland from 1737 to 1782. There were: First, his father, Charles Carroll, who died in 1782; second, his cousin, Charles Carroll, *barrister*, born 22d of March 1723, thus by fourteen years his senior; an eminent lawyer, educated at Eton and at Cambridge University, England, studied law in the Temple, was author of the Maryland "Declarations of Rights" President of the Maryland Convention, member of the United States Congress (?), first Chief Justice of Maryland &c., third, the "Signer" and fourth, his son, Charles." It was to avoid any confusion of names that Charles Carroll aways signed "of Carrollton."

ARCHBISHOP WHITFIELD'S VIEW OF RELIGION IN THE DIOCESE OF BALTIMORE, 1830.

From the Original. Catholic Archives of America, Notre Dame, Ind.

MON. PEDAGANCE.

It is my duty to acknowledge the receipt of which the society of the propagation of the Faith, kindly allotted to my Diocese for the year 1830. The sum that was assigned to me for the year 1829 I have not received and I fear I never shall notwithstanding your zealous enquires after it and those of the Rev. Mr. Caniere. This loss would be severly felt, having so many calls made by the two Dioceses under my jurisdiction, Maryland and Virginia. Thanks to God's special providence, Maryland and the District of Columbia, of which the Arch Diocess of Baltimore is composed have not only done wonders but continue to offer vast openings to our Holy Religion, and certainly many more churches for congregations than those we are building, many more Catholic free schools for boys and asylums for girls might be established, and I may say without fear of exaggeration that as Baltimore is particularly noted for Catholic piety, so is the whole State and the District of Columbia. Nor have we the least reason to complain of the liberal contributions of Catholics for forwarding every institution tending to the good of religion and its propagation among Protestants, who are nowhere as prejudiced against us than in Baltimore.

We receive every year a great number into the Church, of those who are in good health and almost every week and I would say in some Seasons of the year, almost every day our priests are called to dying Protestants, but before death become Catholics and are buried in our Catholic Cemetery, separated from their deceased relations buried in Protestant ground, and what is admirable though very common, the Protestant relatives of the deceased attend the funeral and listen with respect to a discourse given by the priest, in which the truth of our religion is set forth, and such funeral discourses scarcely meet with a murmur. No, perhaps there is not a state in the union, where there is a better prospect of further success than in the State of Maryland. And perhaps there is no state that deserves better the

benevolent attention of the society of the Propagation of the Faith. To be sure, if we only view one side of our situation your discover a cathedral (but still unfinished) that not only is the most splendid religious edifice in the United States, but when its two towers and Porticoes will be built, would be very respectable in a city of Europe. We have also three colleges already built and another, a petit Seminarie building, we have the Mother house of the Sisters of Charity, at Emmittsburg, the convent of the Visitation at Georgetown ; a convent of Carmelite nuns at Baltimore, as also an Orphan Asylum, Infirmary under the care of the Sisters and a dozen other establishments formed and several others forming, so that we may say as to Maryland : "How beautiful are thy Tabernacles O Jacob and thy Tents O Israel ! he that blesseth thee shall also himself be blessed ; he that curseth thee shall also himself be cursed."

So it is, and we see a wonderful providence of God over the Diocese of Baltimore, blessing the persevering efforts of my Predecessors, oppressed with great difficulties, and I hope continuing to bless my feeble endeavors to promote his glory.

But much more might be done, churches built, clergyman formed, of whom there is a great scarcity several missions being destitute, Catholic free schools, which do much good, not only to Catholic children and their parents, but very frequently are the means of converting Protestants, both children and their parents, but our means are very limited and even would be so were we not in debt. Yet notwithstanding all the well known and truly wise prudence of my predecessors, it was necessary to contract a debt of $50,000, about 250,000 francs. This has been since reduced and is now $30,000, or 150,000 francs for which sum we did pay 6, but now pay only 5 per cent interest. It is as much as we can do to pay the interest and keep clear of debt, paying the salaries of the clergy and for my part I only receive like my predecessor $400, or 2,000 francs, per year, from the cathedral, though I have my share of the missionary duties, but having other means of support I have not and never shall take anything whatever from the sum your noble society assigns me; all that I may receive shall be disposed of for the wants of the mission without retaining for myself a cent.

Most Rev'd. Dear Sir :—

I send you reply to part of your letter and I am going on with the rest. As soon as I am able.

DESTRUCTION OF ST. VINCENT'S COLLEGE, CAPE GIRARDEAU, MO., 1850.

[From the College Records.]

The Hurricane of the 27th November 1850.

On the 27th of Nov. 1850 at 3 P. M. a most violent and destructive hurricane passed passed over the City of Cape Girardeau, the course of the storm was from the South West to North East. This storm was threatening for some hours, the day was very sultry and heavy dark clouds flying in great confusion portended something dreadful. The heavens seemed in great confusion and we were all expecting to see torrents of rain fall. We heard the roaring of the winds for more than an hour. When it came all was confusion and terror, it carried every thing before it, trees, fences, houses, everything was swept from the face of the earth. The roof of St. Vincent's College was carried away and not a particle of it ever found. The walls of the S. W. corner were thrown down to the second story, the gable ends carried away and all the chimmeys thrown down. The brick bake house in ruins, the large new, two story frame house used as tailor shop, shoemaker shop trunk and clothes room was raised to the ground. Two men who were in the garret of this house were blown more than 50 yards—one was not hurt the other had his leg broken. There were four brothers caught under the floor of the second story but happily the trunks and some large boxes, saved them from being crushed to death. It was with difficulty they were removed from the ruins without any serious injury, they were sorely pressed and bruised. Not one in the college was injured in the least. Old Henry, a servant of the college, was found dead in the garden being struck by a beam in the fall of the brick quarters for the negroes. His wife and daughter were in the same room but not hurt. Two only of the collegians who were outside the college at the time were hurt. There were seventy bruised and covered with wounds from being carried and rolled by the wind along with the ruins of fences and houses. They were found buried in the ruins of the Methodist meeting house which was on the opposite side of the street from the college. The Methodist meeting house near the college, corner of Spanish and —— streets swept from the face of the earth scarcely a vestige left.

Our fine stone church had the roof and steeple carried away and not a vestige of it found, the walls down nearly. The two large frame houses near the church in ruins. The fine painting of our Saviour in the Garden of Olives was never found. The collegians and priests passed the night in the college yard, the night was cold and rainy.

It was resolved to send the students to their families, consequently the boys from St. Louis at 10 A. M. by steamboat in company with Rev. R. Hennessy; those from the South started at 4 P. M. same day on steamboat Alton, 52 in number accompanied by Revds. J. McGerry and Verina.

The convent near the college was entirely destroyed and a great portion of the houses in town more or less injured. The students all arrived safe at their respective homes.

As soon as the students were disposed of the Revds. Penco, Jno. Knowd and Chondy, had the ruins examined by a mason and soon decided to repair the college. The weather being fine, the work commenced immediately and by the 1st of January 1851 the walls of the college were repaired and under roof. All the outhouses were replaced and on the 28th of March Mr. McGerry returned from Louisiana with 30 boys. Rev. R. Hennessy having returned the day previous with some boys from St. Louis.

On March 31st 1851 studies and classes recommenced with 33 boys and propects for a large number very soon.

Rev. Mr. Penco still President. The college is more solid and substantial now than before the storm. The bake house, wash house and quarters for the servants were all rebuilt in brick. Rev. P. Chondy is very active and soon after the return of the students he had all the fences around the play-garden replaced. Everything began to look cheering—the year went on well and closed with Exhibition and Distribution of Premiums as usual.

1851 July. The river passed over its bank and our swamp farm was inundated. A fine crop of wheat lost and 60 acres of fine young corn all destroyed. The fences were very much impaired, many rails lost. The water was only two feet less than the great flood of 1844.

We lost many fine hogs and some horned cattle, so that our poor college has suffered this year by wind and weather. Nothwithstanding all these losses it was resolved in council to rebuild the church and the work men who had been hired for the year to work the farm were employed to clear away the ruins of the old stone church and on the spot to rebuild a new church. The work went on rapidly and all was soon cleared and a large and deep foundation dug out.

LETTER OF BISHOP KENRICK TO REV. DR. PURCELL OF MT. ST. MARY'S RELATIVE TO ORDINATION, 1830.

From the Original. Catholic Archives of America, Notre Dame, Ind.

LITTLE YORK, SEPT. 15TH 1830.

Revd. and very dear Friend.

Revd. Father Lekew offers to make arrangements to accommodate myself and as many candidates for Orders as I may select, not exceeding ten.

I therefore hasten to inform you that Mr. Bradley at least may come to Conewago by Wednesday next, to receive Sacred Orders. If Mr. Gegan has determined to espouse the afflicted Diocess of Phila. he may accompany Mr. B. Others might also come to receive Tonsure, Minor Orders and Sub-Deaconship; but I fear their absence even for four days would interfere too much with your college arrangements. If you find that you can spare two or three of them for that length of time, and that their office will not be too great a burden, you may select them and send them, I would ordain one of them a Deacon, if this would gratify you, and contribute to the decorum of the mountain Service.

Mr. Butler, Mr. Sourin, and Mr. Gartland, without prejudice to the others, would appear from your list worthy of the Sacred Order of Subdeacon. The Examination will not be severe, as your testimony will give me great confidence in ordaining them. I intend to pass the days of the Ordination with them in retreat, and to speak to them with the familiarity and candor of a Father, and with all the earnestness of one who has witnessed the shipwreck of several who had engaged in the same enterprise.

God grant that my heart may never bleed for the misfortunes of any of them, but that it rather exult in the contemplation of their virtues.

Pray for me and them, and obtain for us the pious prayers of Rd. Mr. Bruté and all your Revd. Colleagues, and all the good souls in the Mountain and in the Valley.

Yours affectly in Christ.

† FRANCIS PATRICK,

Bishop of Arath and Coadj. Phila.

THE INTERDICT OF THE COTE DU NORD EST SUBURBAN CHURCH OF DETROIT, BY BISHOP FLAGET, FEBRUARY 27TH, 1817.

Fort Pontchartrain was built by Cadillac the founder of Detroit, on the bluff commanding the strait and the level surroundings of the post, in 1701. Within its boundarers was built in July of the same year, the first chapel of St. Anne. As the colony increased, 4 short and narrow streets were opened north of the fort, parallel with the strait, and named respectively St. Louis, St. Anne, St. James, and St. Joseph.

These were within the picket defensive surrounding of the post. At the eastern extremity of Ste. Anne street, a square was set apart for a church and cemetery—which extended from the north line of Ste. Anne street, to the south line of St. Joseph street. In this square had been built the 4th church of Ste. Anne; and in the cemetery adjoining had been laid to rest the dead of the French colonists.*

The parochial charge of Ste. Anne was served by the Recollect Fathers from Quebec.

Father Simplicius Boequet, the 9th successor of Father Delhalle, the martyr founder of Ste. Anne, 1754—1782, finding the 4th church too small built the 5th Ste. Anne, which was consecrated with great ceremony, March 16 1755, by Rt. Rev. Henry Mary du Breuil de Pont Briand, 6th Bishop of Quebec.*

* The outlines of the post of Detroit during the French regime are given on page 32 in Farmer's History of Detroit.

* See "The Martyred Recollect" in RESEARCHES January 1896, pp. 17—22.

In time the French regime was ended and the British succeeded; the see of Quebec ruled the church until 1796, when the British evacuated the north side of the strait and American rulesucceeded; with this event began the spiritual regime of Bishop Carroll, who sent Father Michael Levadoux in 1796 to assume control. In 1798 Father Gabriel Richard succeeded Father Levadoux

Both were Sulpitians. Father Richard found the 5th church of Ste. Anne, the cemetery, and square of land, the temporality of the parish, His congregation was composed of the people of the post of Detroit, and of the families of the habitants whose farms fronted on the strait for a distance of 6 miles below and 8 miles above his church.

The distant parishioners came to church in their light caleche drawn by a fleet pony in the summer, and in their cariole in the winter. Father Richard improved the church, built schools and had his parochial establishment in splendid condition, when, on the morning of June 11, 1805, the old town of Detroit, with all its French memories was destroyed by fire, and all that was left of Ste. Anne's parochial fabric, was the stone chimney of its presbytery.

It was a great misfortune for the people of Ste. Anne and a grievious one for Father Richard.

When he had cared for the homeless and destitute, he secured a large building 3 miles down the strait, in Spring Wells, as nothing had been left standing in Detroit, which he improvised, blessed, and in which the parochial services were held, and near which he opened schools.* Meanwhile under the American administration, a new plan of Detroit was adopted; the lines of the old town were wiped out and its successor designed on paper was to be built on a grand scale.

* It was at this location that Father Richard in 1808, set up the first printing press used in the North West Territory; on which, from 1809 to 1812, when war was declared, he printed his series of educational. literary, religious and scriptural books.

Jefferson Avenue 120 feet wide was outlined to run east and west; its line ran through St. Anne's square and over the graves of the French race buried during the previous century. In compensation, Ste. Anne was given a large tract nearby, as a site for a church and cemetery.

There still remained about two thirds of the original square. It was Father Richard's intention, in accordance with the advice of Bishop Flaget, to remove the remains of the dead to the new site, to sell what remained of the original square, and with the proceeds of this sale, commence the building of a new church on the north east corner of the new site, leaving a large space for presbytery, schools, and the north half for a cemetery.

In 1808, Paul Malcher, a bachelor, conveyed his farm fronting on the strait and extending back 3 miles, to 5 of his neighbors under certain nominal conditions. He lived about three miles from the post, up the strait—and the locality had been named Cote du Nord Est.

Malcher had inherited from an original colonist, his only relative was rich, his object in deeding his farm was to provide a church and a school for his neighbors, the French residents of the Cote du Nord Est. There was a perfect understanding on the part of the grantor and the grantees.

When the farmer died a year later, the grantees having fulfilled all their obligations, entered into possession; and by the aid of contributions built a church and school on the river front of the Malcher farm. This church was dedicated by Father Richard as a *succursale* of Ste, Anne, under the title of the Cote du Nord Est parish.

Its people organized a parochial *fabrique*, elected *marguilliers* or trustees and the register of the Cote du Nord Est parish was opened.

Father Richard, or his assistant regularly officiated, and the register contains the *actes* of baptism, marriage and burial, from the opening of the record until its close by the action of the Very Rev. Francis Vincent Badin, administrator of Bishop Rèsè in 1838.

The opposition to the plans of Father Richard, under direction of Bishop Flaget, came from the *marguillers* of the Cote du Nord Est. This opposition was probably inspired by parties residing in Detroit.

Ostensibly it was based on the refusal of the people of the Cote du Nord Est, to have the remains of their kindred lying under Jefferson Avenue, taken up and reinterred in the new site for Saint Anne's parochial establishment.

Reclamation was made by a delegation of the Cote du Nord Est parishioners to Bishop Flaget; but this prelate replied to the delegation courteously, promising to send them a pastor as soon as he could and that in time he would do more.

The fact was the Bishop was throughly posted and he felt bound to sustain Father Richard.

The Cote du Nord Est people, however, yielding to the advice of the evil disposed on November 16, 1816, organized a corporation under the name of the "Corporation of Ste. Anne of Detriot," claiming or attempting to usurp fiscal control of the parochial temporalities of the parish, which had been legally vested in the corporation organized under the laws of the Territory of Michigan, April 12, 1807, and again in 1816, and so recognized by the judicial authorities.

This proceeding brought the religious affairs of Detroit to a crisis, which was promptly met by Bishop Flaget, who in his exhaustive decree inflicted upon the recalcitrant people of the Cote du Nord Est parish, and upon their amilies, the terrible anathema of the Church.

We translate from Father Richard's journal this document.

BENEDICT JOSEPH, BY THE GRACE OF GOD

AND THE APPROBATION OF THE HOLY SEE

BISHOP OF BARDSTOWN.

TO ALL THE CATHOLICS OF DETROIT,

Salut et benediction.

OUR VERY DEAR BRETHERN.

Toward the close of the previous year, the people of the Cote du Nord Est, presented to us a petition abounding in religious sentiment, of respect, and of submission to whatever decision we might render in their regard.

We responded in paternal language; not only did we refrain from reproaching them for their misconduct in the past, the irregularity of which was well known to us, but we assured them that their church would be provided with a pastor as soon as it would be in our power to send one; and we would moreover as soon as such would be possible establish a college on the property they had purchased.

After such unequivocal assurance of our sincere regard and of our desire to restore peace and union, we were warranted in expecting that these gentlemen would manifest their sincere appreciation, and as a natural consequence, forget their old contentions with you and contribute to the success of all your undertakings.

This undoubtedly should have been the result of our correspondence with these gentlemen, if the proper sentiment expressed by them in their petition had been in accordance with the feelings of their hearts.

But as iniquity is always in contradiction with itself, these gentlemen, whom I am warranted in accusing of duplicity, before receiving our response, have renewed their *cabales* more zealously than heretofore and carried party spirit to that extent that they have dared fraudulently and in opposition to the rules of their church to organize a corporation, to hold sessions, issue decrees, and shall I say it, one of the adherents of this unfortunate party was so insolent, that he raised his hand and violently menaced your respectable pastor, who for nearly 20 years has moistened this ungrateful field with the sweat of his brow; sacrificing his inclinations and his tastes in order not to leave you without a priest, and who can only reproach himself with an excess of zeal and of goodness, which I might be permitted to call weakness.

Had he not been opposed as he has been your church would have been built and you would have been in the enjoyment of peace and harmony.

Such scandalous conduct is not only indecent, and against the rules and customs of society, but it is also derogatory to episcopal dignity.

We are therefore impelled to believe that you would consider us recreant to the duties of our holy ministry, if we failed to raise our voice in protest against such iniquities, and if we did not punish in an exemplary manner those who are the criminal proponents of these scandals; by separating the contagious members from the fold of the faithful, we but fulfill a duty indicated to us by precept of our Saviour Jesus Christ.

For our Divine Saviour tells us, that if one member of our body is for us a subject of scandal—however useful it may be, even if it be our right eye we must remove it forthwith, to put an end to the scandal and to avoid eternal damnation.

In accordance with this doctrine, St. Paul, so distinguished for his charity to all men, who became weak with the weak, infirm with the infirm for the salvation of men; this same St. Paul when informed of the great scandal which had occurred at Corinth, was so overcome with holy indignation, that laying aside his charitable attribute, he wrote his strongest epistle to the faithful of this city and delivered to Satan the bodies of the scandalizers, to save his own soul on the great day of our Lord. During all time the Church has been governed by such precepts and has inflicted canonical punishment upon such of her children as were heedless of her admonitions and who committed such scandals.

Relying upon such authority, and after solemn and mature consultation with our diocesan council, calling to mind the moment when we shall appear before the Omnipotent Judge to render an account of our administration; we declare and pronounce the following.

1. The church of Ste. Anne shall be built in section No. 1, or on an adjacent lot, or on any other which may be selected by the legitimate corporation of Ste. Anne.

2. The remains of the dead which are in the principal street of Detroit and in lots known under the name of the old church and of the old cemetery of Ste. Anne, shall be exhumed with proper respect and religiously deposited in the new cemetery. All Catholics are forbidden to assist in any manner to the paving of said street or to its use as a highway, until these remains shall have been taken up and reinterred in the manner indicated and in the place designated.

3. The legitimate corporation of the Catholic Church of Ste. Anne of Detroit, organized April 28, 1816, is authorized by us, the Bishop of Bardstown, as chief administrator of all the temporalities, to exchange, sell, or to place on sale, any lot or portions of such belonging to the said Catholic Church of Ste. Anne of Detroit, and to transact any and all business necessary for the best advantage of the said Catholic church of Ste. Anne of Detroit, and above all to assist in the construction of the new church.

4. Monsieur Gabriel Richard, pastor of Ste. Anne's of Detroit, will communicate these our decisions before the sermon during the celebration of Mass on Sundays and on festivals of obligation. In our name he shall summon the 7 chiefs, designated hereinafter, of the so called new corporation of Ste. Anne, which should be called illegitimate and schismatic, to renounce in person, or over the signature in writing of the 7 named, and of all their adherents, all opposition whatever the intention may be to our present mandate, or any of its parts; failing in which, the offenders shall be by us *interdicted;* that is to say, deprived of the sacraments of the living, of assisting at the divine offices, and should they die without atoning their scandal of ecclesiastical sepulture.

This INTERDICT shall be incurred by the delinquents 30 days after the 3rd denunciation.

N. B. This interdict being personal holds and follows in all places and countries; it can only be raised by us or by those delegated by us with authority to remove the sentence.

5. We renounce our intention of sending a priest to minister to the spiritual interests of the people of the church of the Cote du Nord Est, called Ste. Anne; we inflict the INTERDICT upon the church and forbid the

celebration of ecclesiastical ceremonies therein under pain of the penalties inflicted by the Church upon refractory subjects. Here are the names of the 7 chiefs, (the marguillers of the Cote du Nord Est church.)

(We omit these names. They are among those of the "Last of the Barons," given on page 72 of the AMERICAN CATHOLIC HISTORICAL RESEARCHES for April 1895; moreover the descendents of these gentlemen are members of the most estimable Catholic families of the French race at the present day in Detroit).

Bishop Flaget concludes his mandate as follows; Given at Loretto (the episcopal residence) February 27, 1817.

BENEDICT JOSEPH,

BISHOP OF BARDSTOWN, KENTUCKY.

P. S. In regard to Mr. xxx. who ridicules the august ceremonies of our holy Church, and who is guilty of notable scandalous acts; if he does not humbly ask pardon for these offensive scandals, either at the parochial mass, or before a general meeting of the parishioners, after a personal notification, we hereby inflict upon him the sentence of excommunication.

As we consider the conduct of the party who personally menaced with his fist his pastor, as excessively audacious, we require from him the same atonement demanded from Mr. xxx; and we launch against him the same penalty if he refuses to conform and submit.

BENEDICT JOSEPH,

BISHOP OF BARDSTOWN.

While the punishment inflicted upon the rebellious parishioners of the Cote du Nord Est, may have been well deserved the heart of the venerable Bishop of Bardstown was moved to commiserate their unhappy, condition. In the summer of 1818, he commenced a journey on horseback, stopping at Monroe to give a mission to the Catholics on the River Raisin.

He reached Detroit early in June and commenced the work of reconciliation.

He succeeded so well that the 17th of June was agreed upon for the removal of the interdict from the Cote du Nord Est.

To render the ceremony as public as possible the bishop was conducted to the Cote du Nord in grand procession which moved from Ste. Anne's at Spring Wells. The music of the regimental band of the 4th U. S. Infantry added to the occasion, and the cannon of the fort thundered a passing salute.

Addresses were delivered in English and French and an affecting reconciliation took place between the offending parishioners and their venerable pastor Father Richard and a large subscription was made toward building the new church. On the following day, June 18, 1818, Bishop Flaget, amid solemn ceremonies, laid the corner stone of the 6th church of Ste. Anne. It was fully completed in 1826—and was for many years the most prominent building in Detroit.

It was remodeled by Bishop Résé in 1833, and was made the cathedral by this prelate.

The mandate of Bishop Flaget, which loses somewhat of its tone in translation is an able document; it shows a prelate fully competent to care for the spiritual as well as the temporal interests of the faithful confided to his spiritual care. His name and that of Richard, recalls the memory of the ascetic priests who brought to our shores a century ago, the fervent faith and the charming manners of the *ancien regime* of Catholic France; and who contributed to the formation of the illustrious hierarchy of the present century.

RICHARD R. ELLIOTT.

ARCHBISHOP PETER RICHARD KENRICK'S FIRST APPOINTMENT. LETTER OF HIS BROTHER BISHOP KENRICK TO TRUSTEE RANDALL OF ST. MARY'S CHURCH, PHILA. 1834.

DEAR SIR.

I had intended to communicate to the Board at their last meeting an arrangement which I deem it necessary to make for supplying adequately the spiritual wants of the Congn. but having been prevented by another engagement I think it proper to apprize the Trustees of my intention, previous to anouncing it to the Congn. It must be evident to all that the Clergymen now attached to the Church are not adequate to all the duties which so numerous a Congn. requires to be performed for their instruction and spiritual consolation.

I consequently feel the necessity of appointing a third Pastor, and have chosen for that office, my Brothe, the Revd. Peter Richard Kenrick. In doing so I have not consulted my natural feeling or partiality but sacredly regarded the best interest of the Congn. Should the Trustees desire my presence at any meeting to make the necessary arrangements consequent on this measure, I shall be ready at any time previous to my departure from the City. Please to communicate to them this information.

YOURS RESPECTFULLY,

† FRANCIS PATRICK KENRICK, BP.

Phila. April 12th 1834.

From Randall *MSS.* A. C. H. SOCIETY.

From original in collection of S. Castner, Jr. Esq., of Philadelphia.

LETTER OF FATHER DE SMET.

St. Louis University,

April 15th, 1863.

MADAME:

"I received your very kind favor of the 21st ultimo. In spending this day, and in putting up your precious bundle of little Indian dresses, I had the great pleasure of discovering your letter. I hasten to answer it, and to express to you, in the name of the Indians, my most sincere thanks for your great charity in their behalf. The thread, needles, and pins will be most useful to them, and were admirably well arranged for distribution—a method I shall follow in the future.

In my trip and mission of last year, I had the consolation of regenerating in the holy waters of baptism about nine hundred children and adults—many have since died, and are now enjoying, through the mercy of God, and the suffering and death of our Divine Redeemer, all the eternal blessings of Heaven. Please assist me by your good prayers in my next mission among the poor, unhappy, and abandoned Indian Tribes. Our Indian missions in the Indian Territory, among the Pottowatomie Indians and Osages—The Flat Heads and Kalispels,—the Pends d' Oreilles—the Pointed Hearts—the Kettle Falls Indians—Spokane Indians, and several other tribes, are in a flourishing condition, and give great consolation to the Fathers, twelve in number, who devote themselves to their welfare.

Please thank in my name, all the charitable ladies of your acquaintance, who have given their time for the benefit of the Indian children. Assuredly they will participate in the merits of the good work. I shall recommend you all to the good prayers of our Indian neophytes.

I have the honor to be, with profound respect and esteem, Madame,

Your humble and obedient servant,"

(Signed) P. J. DE SMET, S. J.

P. S. I will leave St. Louis, between the 1st and 10th of next month.

[This letter was written to Mrs. Castner mother of its possessor.]

AGREEMENT WITH HOLY TRINITY CHURCH. TERMS OF ITS OCCUPANCY BY THE CONGREGATION OF OLD ST. JOSEPH'S WHILE THE PRESENT CHURCH WAS BEING BUILT, 1838.

ENDORSED "AGREEMENT WITH TRINTIY CHURCH."

It is agreed between the Rev. Clergy and Gentlemen Trustees of Holy Trinity Church on one part and the pastors of the Church of St. Joseph on the other part (all of the City and Co. of Phila.)

That for and in consideration of the sum of twenty five dollars per month payable by the pastors of St. Joseph's Church to the aforesaid Trustees of Holy Trinity Church, the said pastors and congregation of St. Joseph's are to have use of said Trinity Church for Divine Service on each Sunday from 8 to half past 9 A. M. with the collection be raised at the time together with permission for said Pastors to celebrate Divine Service each morning during the week, the said Pastors also to pay one half the expense of oil and candles consumed during Divine Service while they occupy the said Church.

In testimony of which the aforesaid contracting parties have hereunto. Set their hands and seals this —— day of April 1838.

BENEDICT BAY, President and Pastor of Holy Trinity.

GERHARD KUHLMAN, Secretary.

JAS. RYDER, S. J. F. J. BARBELIN, S. J.

[Copied from Original June 16th, 1885]

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP HUGHES TO DANIEL WEBSTER.

NEW YORK AUGUST 20TH 1850.

HON'BLE DANIEL WEBSTER, SEC'Y OF STATE.

DEAR SIR,

I hope you will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you without having the honor to be known to you personally. Your kind offer of letters of introduction to distinguished persons in Europe in the service of this government, when you last filled the high office which you now occupy with so much advantage to the country, and which kindness on your part was made known to me by a mutual friend, has made on my feelings an impression of respectful gratitude, which cannot be easily effaced.

Accident alone, at that time, prevented me from availing myself of so great an advantage.

It is not improbable that I shall within a few months have occasion to visit Europe and especially Rome, on matters of interest to the well-being of my Diocese. In that contingency I shall solicit, at your hands, letters such as your goodness prompted you to offer on a former occasion.

But even this is not the, object of my present communication. It is to ascertain whether I might apply with any prospect of success to the government, at Washington, on behalf of Mr. Vanbrugh Livingston late Charge d'Affaires at Quito Ecuador.

He was some years ago a man of large fortune here. He lost all. But his family still depending on him, would have suffered from want of bread, if he had not, obtained a situation in the Custom House, under Mr. Curtis. It is said here that his appointment on that occasion was in a great measure due to the charitable interest which Mrs. Webster took in his peculiar, and, truly touching reverse of fortune, and in the condition of his family.

I have so high a respect for his integrity and feel so much for his situation, and that of his family, that I should be willing to divide with him the contents of my light purse.

But this would not suffice,——and he has taken into his mind that if I interceded with the government, at Washington, on his behalf, the application would not be fruitless.

I do not feel confidence enough to make any such application, unless with permission previously solicited, to do so, from some member of the Cabinet. I think that a situation which should yield a salary of from 1,500 to 2,000 per annum would be, as much, as he should expect.

If sufficient talents and incorruptable integrity be qualifications I can recommend him. But, goodman, he has been heretofore, more or less Loco-focoish,—what he has since became I am not able to say.

In conclusion, would it be worth my while, with any prospect of success to intercede for him at Washington? If so I should either go on or write willingly.

Begging again your indulgence for having thus intruded on your valuable time.

I have the honor to be

Your obd't serv't with

profound respect,

† JOHN HUGHES, BP. of N. YORK.

ENDORSED.

BISHOP JOHN HUGHES,

NEW YORK, AUG. 20TH '50.

Written in lead pencil is the following: To be answered to morrow, E. C.

Written in lead pencil is the following: For the President's consideration, D. W.

Written in lead pencil on the margin of third (3rd) Page is the following: I do not see how we can appoint a loco-foco, M. F.

[M. F. was MILLARD FILLMORE.]

[D. W. was DANIEL WEBSTER.]

OLD ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA, CORNER STONE INSCRIPTION.

Quod felix faustum fortunatum qua sit. Deique in gloriam bene Verbat.

"In the Pontificate of Gregory XVI. This corner-stone of the new St. Joseph's is laid this fourth day of June, Whitsun-Monday, 1838; of the Independence of the United States, the sixty-second; Martin Van Buren, President of the United States; Joseph Ritner, Governor of Pennsylvania; John Swift, Mayor of Philadelphia; Right Rev. Henry Conwell, Bishop of the Diocese; Right Rev. Francis Patrick Kenrick, Coadjutor; Thomas F. Mulladay, Provincial of the Society of Jesus in the Province of Maryland; Rev. Jas. Ryder and Rev. Felix Joseph Barbelin, Pastors of St. Joseph's. Jno. MacGuire, Jos. Donath, Jno. Maitland, Martin Murphy and John Darragh, cooperating with the Pastors as a Building Committee in the name of the Catholics of the City and Co. of Philada. by whose generous contribution despite the unparalleled pecuniary difficulties of the country erected under the superintendence of Jno. Darragh Architect, who employs Michael Gahegan to dig the cellar David Ryan, stone mason, Edw. Carr and Geo. Johnston, bricklayers, and Jas. Carroll, marble mason, and Thos. Ryan, carpenter, on the site of the old St. Joserh's endeared to the Catholic community by the hallowed recollection of more than a century as the cradle of their faith in this City and the resting place of the mortal remains of their parents, kindred and friends, venerated by the labors of those venerable pioneers of Religion. Synder, De Ritter Farmer, Molyneux and their associates of the Society of Jesus, illustrious notwithstanding its humble state as the nursery of many distinguished ecclesiastics of the secular clergy and ever memorable as the first Temple in which the hymn of thanksgiving was chanted to the God of Armies in presence of Washington and his military staff and the representatives of France to the United States for the blessing bestowed on the Infant Republic in her struggle for right and liberty."

[The above is from the original draft.]

[The statement concerning "Washington and his military staff" is not historically correct. The *Te Deum* took place took place in St. Mary's, "Washington and his staff" were then in Virginia. EDITOR THE RESEARCHES.]